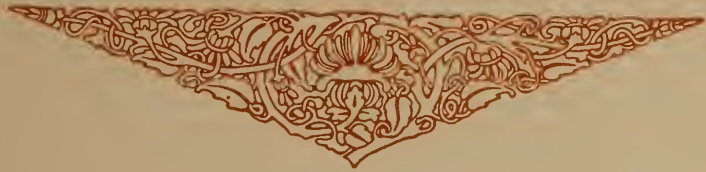


# THE ARCHON

---



Dummer  
Academy



December Number  
1908



# STATIONERY

HIGH GRADE

## ENGRAVING

Invitations  
Programmes  
Banquet  
Menus  
Visiting Cards  
Fraternity Paper



SPECIAL DESIGNS

\*\*\*\*\*

### Samuel Ward Co.

57-63 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

## F. B. HUBBARD

The Good Clothes Specialist

Hats and Furnishings of quality  
as wellPhone wants given prompt attention  
No. 311-11

80 STATE STREET  
NEWBURYPORT

You are invited to inspect  
our lines of

### Cigars, Patent Medicines

and the entire Stock of Goods  
at the

### COLLINS STORES

18 STATE ST. 28 PLEASANT ST.  
Newburyport, Mass.

**C.** The Leading Music Store  
**W.** The Leading Art Store  
**D** All the Latest Magazines  
**O** All the Popular Novels  
**W** Money Loaned on Security  
78 STATE STREET, NEWBURYPORT

KARL CASTELHUN

## Drugs and Medicines

Photo Supplies

Market Square, Newburyport

**What's Wrong? Your Eyes?**  
**WHY?**

*Probably you need Glasses — step in and  
let me examine your eyes.  
They may be the cause of your headaches*

MRS. P. H. KIMBALL, O. D.

OPTOMETRIST

69 STATE ST., - NEWBURYPORT.

Established 1760

## MOULTON & LUNT

OPTICAL GOODS

Watches, Silverware

and JEWELRY

40 State St., Newburyport

## The Modern Tailoring House

OF NEWBURYPORT

C. FRANK BALLOU

Custom Tailor

Cor. Liberty and Market Sq.

Our Specialty is

"Just-What-You-Want" Tailoring

## Newburyport Cigar Mf'g. Co.

Manufacturers of

☛☛☛ **CIGARS** ☛☛☛

Celebrated "ADDISON" 10c. Cigar  
"NEWBURYPORT BEST" 5c. Cigar

Dealers in

Tobacco, Pipes, and  
All Smokers' Articles.

15 State St., Newburyport.

# Glen Mills Entire Wheat Flour

Is a PERFECT FOOD  
for STUDENT and  
ATHLETE



## Glen Mills Cereal Company

Rowley, Massachusetts

GEORGE G. DEXTER

Photographer



Central Street, Ipswich, Mass.

PROF. BAPTISTE'S

Ladies' and Gents'

Shoe Blacking Parlors

21 Inn St., Newburyport

Straw Hats and Derbys Cleaned. Russet Shoes  
Dyed Black. Shoes called for and delivered.

P. W. KIMBALL

Watchmaker and Jeweler

69 State Street

Newburyport, Mass.

## THE BYFIELD SNUFF MILL

MAKES A

# Red Top Snuff



BYFIELD, Massachusetts





## Contents



ADVERTISEMENTS	1-2-23-24-25 26-27-28
----------------	--------------------------

### LITERARY

The Game and the Score . . .	5
Ode on Morning of Christ's Nativity	9
A Happy Home Coming on Xmas	9
The Old House . . . .	10

EDITORIALS	12
------------	----

LOCALS	14
--------	----

PERSONALS	15
-----------	----

The Unexpected Xmas Present (Story)	16
-------------------------------------	----

ATHLETICS	19
-----------	----

EXCHANGES	22
-----------	----

SOCIALS	23
---------	----



DUMMER ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM.

# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interest of the  
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 3—New Series

DECEMBER, 1908.

No. 2



## THE GAME AND THE SCORE.

The "Rapide-Rapide" from Cherbourg to Paris, filled with American tourists from the *Lahn*, rumbled into the station at Rouen and came to a halt before the *Chef du Gare* in his wondrous uniform, with an amount of pomp and circumstance suited to the occasion, for, be it known, a station master in France is a personage and the arrival of a special express is an event.

There followed an outpour of excited tourists, eager to stretch their legs and necks to the fullest extent permitted by the uncertain length of their halt,—for who knoweth the moods of a French train, or can tell the stops thereof? A young man stepping leisurely down from the rear carriage stood gazing with the amused interest that belongs to the much travelled man, at a party of Boston ladies who were getting more and more excited in their efforts to combine exercise with watching their seats and luggage, finding the place in the Baedeker, and translating the names and inscriptions on the walls. He was startled to hear his

own name spoken, and turning towards the speaker, met the gaze of a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose bronzed cheeks showed the effects of much southern sun.

"So you don't know me?" said the latter, smiling and holding out his hand, "Well, I don't much wonder, it's a dozen years, and a dozen years leaves us different; I'm not sure I should have been able to 'spot' you right off, if I had not marked 'Wally' Hardy with a hammer in my angelic infancy so that there is no mistaking him."

"Erich!" cried Hardy, grasping the proffered hand, "can it be possible. I thought you were lost in Blackman's Africa!"

"Just up from the Cape, sailing for home tonight,—and you?"

"Just landed, Paris, The Riviera, Cairo, up the Nile,—wish you were going along, we would begin where we left off a dozen years ago and come up to date. Did you ever run across Tot Hinway?—but there goes your train! Write me, Morgan, Hargis & Co."

"Try the Holland House, its sure to find me," shouted Erich, as he



bolted for the moving train and boarded it to the great scandal of the Chef du Gare, who had a mind to stop the train and arrest him therefor; but a hand shot from the car window, and the Chef forgot his anger and his airs in watching a five-franc piece that rolled in eddying circles about him, and finally fell near the toe of his shining boot. It may have been intended for a porter who stood near, but the Chef was equal to the emergency and pocketed the piece—pending information and inquiry.

Some six weeks later, Mark Erich received the following from Hardy:

Hotel Continental

Nice, France, March 3, —

Dear Erich:—

My impression is that you said the Holland House would locate you, and it is with the hope that this may find you there, or at least overtake you, that I write. You are a bird of passage you know, liable to flit to parts not on the map, at any time.

The passing glimpse I got of you in the station at Rouen and the few words we had time to say have brought you often to mind,—you and the third member of the group, Tot Hinway. More than all, I wish you could have answered my question about him—it might have helped—for I'm really ransacking Europe and the East to find Tot and give him a message that will bring him flying home. I know he has been here; I've traced him south from London, or think I have, but I can't find him. You, naturally, want to know why, and what it's all about. It's a long story, running way back to "In the beginning," when you and Tot and I were small fry together in "ole Kentuck"—the days when you reproved me with the hammer

for tying little Edith Whittier's long curls to the back of a chair; the days when we ran away from school to fish in the branch and hunt Indians—way back in the Golden Age,—when we shall be boys again?

Then your father went to South Africa and you went too, leaving Tot and me full of grief and envy, to console the weeping Edith with promises of your speedy return. laden with diamonds and vast wealth for her to wear and invest in doll's clothes and candy; but even our many inventions failed for a time to cheer the lorn lady, whose chiefest knight had gone over seas.

Tot and I stuck together always and "had all things common" including pocket-money and the mumps, and when at length the time came to begin preparing for college we bought two trunks just alike and checked them to Dummer, and went proudly away, though with a vague realization that we were leaving behind the Golden Age,—and Edith. We discussed, I remember, the 'chokey feeling' in our throats, and decided it was due to the dust of the car.

But I must hurry on. The four years at Dummer slipped away all too fast, and as they drew to a close we realized that the inevitable parting of the ways was upon us. Tot's people were Yalensians, from his grandfather down; mine were sons of John Harvard for a like period, and we were appointed to follow in their footsteps.

The long vacation we spent about our old haunts, dreaming of and discussing the new world into which we were going, and wondering if Yale and Harvard men usually shot each other on sight, as we had heard some one say, and coming regularly to the conclusion that it could never



be so in our cases, anyhow. The season over, we were torn apart by the fates just as we needed one another's help most, and hurried into college life with all its new and strange ways, getting our full share of freshmen joys and sorrows, flunks and rushes, hazing and several new sorts of robbery, class scraps and banquets. But passing by that year and the two following, I will only say though we met but rarely now save in the long vacations—these we took together as we had always done.

Little Edith Whither, little no longer, ruled us as completely as in the Golden Age, which you perhaps remember, but you can have no idea of the Edith of today, a tall, queenly lily, too charming for words—at least for any words of mine.

Well! to be brief, we came to a point where we realized that we both loved her, realized too that we could no longer be generous. We watched her and each other, and waited; she smiled on us both, while Tot and I felt in honor bound not to take advantage of each other. We went back to college for a senior year with matters in that shape. It did not, however, prevent our throwing ourselves into football preparations with reckless enthusiasm, but it may be that a desire to turn our minds from the unsettled question accounts in part for our extra exertions.

The competition for places on the Harvard team had never been so close, and it was only luck and the crippling of a better man that gave me at the last moment the tackle position on the team that faced Yale at New Haven that November afternoon three years ago.

You never saw a big football game, I suppose; I fancy the climate on the Orange River is not just suited to that form of sport, so let

me tell you it is a sight for gods and men to look at and remember. I shall not forget a detail of the first game I ever saw while memory holds, nor, for that matter, of the one three years ago, which is strange when you take into account the fact that my position was not conducive to gazing about. One sweeping glance as we ran out upon the field, while the crimson host raised cheer on cheer, photographed it all on my memory.

Picture to yourself a long stretch of springy turf, browned by the early frosts, gridironed by straight, white lines painted upon the dun of the withered grass. On all four sides sloping banks of seats, rising tier upon tier, human walls of life, color and enthusiasm; an army, with banners of crimson and blue flashing in the slanting rays of the November sun, now cheering till you could not have heard cannonading close at hand, now sitting in deathlike stillness watching two little bands of warriors just ready to grapple for victory.

As the Yale team ran by to their positions, Tot stopped and stood for a moment beside me and put into words the thought that was uppermost in both minds; "Edith is here with her aunt from Boston, wants us to call, of course." There was a pause; I caught the glint of a coin as the captains called the turn for positions, and the thought flashed through my mind, "Win or lose, let the game decide it. The winner calls this evening and speaks to her, this thing can't go on forever, old fellow," and my lips spoke the words unbidden. Tot hesitated and his eye involuntarily turned to the side lines where the big Yale center sat swathed in sweaters and bandages, disabled; but his hesitation was only a instant. Then with a nodded

"yes" and a last grip of my hand he ran to his place in the line.

The game began and was fast and furious from the start, Harvard scored first, a fumble by the Yale center, and a great run by Bishop. What a roar from the Harvard ranks! But Tot's face took half the joy out of it for me, in spite of myself. The goal was kicked, another roar from Harvard. Then Yale kicked off from the center of the field. The ball came to me, but Tot threw me before I could stir. We gained two yards, then one, then five, then lost the ball on downs and Yale took it on our forty yard line, and Tot came against our line again and again for gains. He was a perfect ball of fire and it seemed impossible to stop him. Those who saw Yale take that ball from the forty-yard line to the goal say it was one of the grandest things to watch, the irresistible force and the immovable object—ever seen on a field, but to our line it was heartbreaking and awful beyond description. They made the line with a last final effort and Tot kicked a goal from the edge of the field mid the roar of ten thousand lusty throats,—score 6-6.

The second half began with another score for Harvard on an end run by Brooks, but no goal kicked, and the play swept back and forth across the center of the field. The last five minutes of play came and with it Yale's opportunity. The ball was passed to Hinway, who circled the end and sped towards the goal and was pulled down only twenty yards from the line. Again that awful battering began on our line, while we, in agony, fought and prayed that we might hold them until the last few seconds dragged away. It was Hinway, Hinway ever gaining; but the punishment was too much for him to endure, and his

running mate was tried—and failed, tried again and again thrown back. I saw Tot brace himself for a last effort, felt that he was to be sent against me, met him as best I could, felt myself yielding, and fell with him in a mass of players as the whistle blew with the ball six inches from the line. I turned to speak to him, but he was gone. I had won.

Well, I called on Edith and told my story, and somehow she found out about the agreement and seemed unduly anxious to know whether Tot was hurt; and, in a word I lost.

I should have sat down at once and written to Tot, when I knew that there was no hope, but I simply could not do it at first, and when I was finally on the point of doing it, I received a line from him telling me, with a few brief words of congratulation, that he was leaving the country for a long stay; and that was the last word I or anyone got from Tot—not a word for three years.

I spend my vacations over here trying to forget something—but trying harder to find him. Edith came down to the steamer as I sailed this trip, and at the last moment, whispered, "Find him, for my sake, and when you do, give him this." And she placed something in my hand and turned away,—it was a tiny knot of Yale-blue ribbon! So you see old man, the part I'm cast for in the play is not an easy one, but I hope to accomplish my mission ere long. If you can tell me anything about Tot I hope you will do so at the earliest moment.

I start back in about six weeks. Keep me posted as to your whereabouts.

Yours as ever,

WILLIAM WALDO HARDY.

*(To be continued.)*

ODE ON THE MORNING OF  
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born  
Our great redemption from above did bring.  
For so the holy sages once did sing  
That he our deadly forfeit should release  
And with His Father—work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that Light unsufferable  
And that far beaming blaze of Majesty  
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council table  
To sit in midst of Trinal Unity.  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day  
And chose with us a darksome house  
f mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, no solemn strain  
To welcome Him to this, His new abode.  
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet,

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it slowly at His blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,  
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

JOHN MILTON.

A HAPPY HOME COMING ON  
CHRISTMAS EVE.

Santa Claus was a real tangible personality in the Tudor family, not the mythical, invisible benefactor, who visits uninteresting homes in the dead of night, but one of flesh and blood, one who always had the whiskers and red coat and who entered in a legitimate way, for he was always just emerging from the library fireplace when the young children were to enter.

This Christmas would not seem like a real Christmas to the children because their father had departed on a long journey just before Thanksgiving. The children had constantly tormented their poor mother by repeatedly questioning her if their papa would be there. Again and again she assured them that he would not.

Nevertheless, the children talked the matter over in their little play-room all agreeing that they could not have a merry Christmas without their papa.

Down in the basement the faithful servant was preparing to perform his annual historic feat. Before him lay the red cotton trimmed coat and trousers, a wax face,



bristling with a notorious flax beard, which smiled happily at the ceiling. Finally to fix up everything, John brought out a pair of high roll top boots and placed them beside the rest of the accoutrements. Stepping to one side he eyed the paraphernalia with pleasing aspect. While gazing upon the outfit he ejaculated "Too bad, that Mister Tudor ain't goin' to be here tonight, the children will shure miss him. I wonder whe—! "Who's that come interfering with us Christmas eve?" he demanded as a loud knock could be heard on the door. Being the only one near he hastened to respond to the knock. As the door was partly opened a voice inquired "Is that you John, I want to see you."

The effect on John was almost magical, the door loosed from his hold, flew back with a bang while he seized Mr. Tudor by the hand and fairly dragged him into the room.

"Well, I'll be blest if it ain't Mr. Tudor hisself, come back to spend Christmas with the family."

"Hist John" said the young man quietly "I must see you alone. John immediately led the way into an adjoining room where they both seated themselves. "John" said Mr. Tudor, "unbutton this heavy rain-coat,, I want you to do me a favor. I want to wear your masquerade outfit tonight."

"Want to surprise the children, I suppose."

"That's just it, won't you fix me up and we will be ready in a few moments."

Soon Mr. Tudor was arrayed in the ancient saint's wearing apparel, complete from cap to boots. He was soon stowed away in the fire place just as John was wont to do. The door opened and the children accompanied by their mother en-

tered the room. Already good, old Santa had tumbled over the fire logs and was rushing into the room.

The children were filled with rapture at the sight of the presents which he doled out to each in their turn. First a sled, then a calico dress and followed by candy, a jumping jack and other things. Philip in his joy, did not forget his father for he exclaimed, "Oh, I wish pa was here!"

For some unaccountable reason the elastic on the false face gave way and the mother caught sight of her husband's face and shouted "Henry" and rushed toward him. All the children dropped their toys in their delight to learn that their papa was really there. John who had been watching the procedure with great interest now entered to take part in the happy family gathering.

E. A. CARVER.

---

## THE OLD HOUSE.

---

The old house was the only one-family house on the street. Its shady front lawn was cool and refreshing to the eye, a real home in the midst of mere flats.

The lofty apartment houses on either side came as close as possible to the property line, but the original owner of the house had left large lawns on each side, and those into whose hands the property had fallen had preserved its integrity.

The house itself, was weather-beaten, forming a charming trellis for the large vine that spread over the front, shading the unusually broad piazza. The casements opened outward, against the untrimmed ivy; the whole making a delightfully homelike effect.

The last owner had lived alone, and there he had ended his singular

existence, apparently leaving no heirs nor anyone to whom the property could legally fall, until Miss Betty Simpson was heard of. She was a distant relative, who was naturally pleased at the prospect of having such a charming home.

Several men with lawn-mowers and pruning shears preceded Miss Betty, so that when she arrived, the place was trimmed up and looking its best. One of those men who was rather superstitious had declared that the back yard was haunted; that while working in the old fashioned garden at the rear of the house, he had been disturbed by the appearance of a small patch of light that danced around him and followed him wherever he went. That was in the afternoon, and although the others laughed at him, he refused to return the following day. The very next day, however, he was so careless as to fall off the running board of a trolley car, breaking his neck in the fall. After a week of unconsciousness, he died.

Of course, Miss Betty heard about this. In fact, there was a long article in the local paper.

Miss Betty was small, prim, and nervous, and the strange tragedy disturbed her very much; but it slipped her mind while she was moving into her new house. After a week of setting things to rights, she finally decided one bright, clear afternoon to visit the garden. Leaving directions for Annette, the maid to bring tea to her in the garden, Miss Betty took her sewing and started across the grassy lawn toward the summer house.

Suddenly, as she was crossing a path which led to the other side of the garden, she was terrified by a sudden flash of light, which reduced

itself to a small circular patch of yellow that flickered restlessly over the grass before her. Immediately the whole story of the caretaker flashed into her mind; and she felt herself growing faint, she leaned against the nearest tree for support, while the light slowly began to describe arcs and circles on the grass before her, now it was here, now there, and as it slowly approached her, she gave a quick gasp and ran towards the house, fear lending agility to her limbs. She gained the piazza, and lay down on a couch, in order to compose her excited nerves.

At half past four, Annette, taking in her tray the dainty little tea set of Miss Betty's together with a luncheon, started for the garden. As she came to the path, an incredulous smile stole across her face as she recollected the improbable story of the caretaker. She crossed the path, blithely humming a snatch from some popular song, when suddenly there appeared before her a little patch of yellowish light, dancing over the lawn. Now it was here, now there, now in front of her, now behind her, and as it touched her skirt, she gave a frightened scream and dropping the tray, ran back to the house as fast as her legs would carry her. At supper time, a pale, trembling, little, old spinster was waited on by an equally pale and trembling maidservant.

The next day a moving van blocked the street, and Miss Betty's belongings were carried away; the old house was deserted and avoided, while the lame boy in the bay window of apartment No. 7 had no one to terrify with the reflection from his mother's hand mirror.





# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interest of the  
Students of Dummer Academy.

## BOARD OF EDITORS:

Editor-in-Chief,  
CHARLES L. ROBSON, 1909  
Business Manager....B. H. CHILDS, 1909  
Assistant Business Manager,  
J. R. WHITLOCK, 1909  
Associate Editor,  
LAWRENCE ROGERS, 1909  
Athletics .....HENRY A. MARR, 1910  
Socials....WILLIAM P. PRESTON, 1909  
Locals and Exchanges,  
NELSON RICH, 1910

## ADVERTISING RATES:

Business Card,  
per issue, \$ .50; per year, \$2.50  
One Eighth Page,  
per issue, \$.75; per year, \$4.00  
One Fourth Page,  
per issue, \$1.50; per year, \$8.00  
One Half Page,  
per issue, \$3.00; per year, \$15.00  
One Page, per issue, \$5.00; per year, \$25.00

All business communications should be  
addressed to Business Manager, Dummer  
Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

The subscription price of "The Archon"  
is \$ .75 per year, payable in advance.  
Single copies, \$ .15.

VOL. III. New Series.

No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1908.

This is the Christmas number, and the ARCHON wishes its friends, subscribers and advertisers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Without attempting to sermonize from the editorial chair, it seems peculiarly fitting at this season of the year to endeavor to seize for ourselves the meaning of Christmas in our modern world. Even in its

external aspect it is a time of good cheer, of profusion and of fine generosity. Your ancestral English squire at each recurring Christmas, filled himself with all good things to eat and drink and spread for his relatives, friends and servants a gorgeous feast, characteristic of the bluff, downright giver, in its heaping abundance and quaint, traditional foolery.

This trait of the vivid enjoyment of the season still persists and probably will always be an indispensable part of Christmas while human nature retains its instincts of hunger and thirst. By all means then, let us eat, drink and be merry from Christmas eve till Twelfth Night.

Nevertheless, this personal pleasure should not obscure to our minds and hearts the primal significance of the day. Just as the birth of Christ, nearly two thousand years ago, brought into the world a regenerating idea, and worked an inestimable change in the souls of men, so the coming of Christmas Day ought to remind us of the life and example of the Christ who gave himself for us. We should in a word be filled with his spirit, the spirit of forgiveness; we should feel as he felt, the true sympathy for our fellows; finally, we should unite ourselves to our neighbors by acts of kindness, not merely by conventional exchange of reluctant gifts.



There is one point about the football team that should not be forgotten. Against heavy odds and crippled by the loss of nearly all its heavy men, the team has met its opponents according to schedule and played as hard as possible.

No better exhibition of sand and playing spirit has been shown by a Dummer team. Such a spirit will win victories as surely as it continues to show itself here.

The basket ball season is now at hand and we sincerely trust the fellows will turn out as a whole; if not to play, to support the team. Every one should come out and try. No school team can be a success without a second team to practice against. Let all come out and work hard, and let Dummer have one of the strongest basket ball teams in its history.

### SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

The first meeting of the class of 1909 was held in the Judge Byfield library, on Thursday, November 5th.

Mr. Childs was appointed chairman and the following officers were elected for the year:—

President, A. A. Ray; Vice President, B. H. Childs; Secretary and Treasurer, J. R. Whitlock.

Messrs. Childs, Ray and Robson were appointed a committee, to select a class pin.

At a special meeting held at a later date, class colors were chosen to be orange and black.

On Monday, November 30th, a third meeting was held. At this meeting, Mr. Harry H. Stilwell, was welcomed as a member of the class.

A class motto was proposed but was not decided upon.

Messrs Preston and Robson were chosen as a committee, to attend to arrangements for a senior prom. which is to be held at an early date after the Christmas recess.

### HONOR ROLL.

The following five, have attained the highest grades of the school, for the month of November, are thereby put on the Honor Roll:

James Arones, C. Nelson Rich, L. Rogers, J. R. Whitlock, B. H. Childs.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

'07 Croston came from Haverhill to visit Dummer a number of times during the summer and early fall. He is greatly interested in his work at Cornell and in all that goes on at Dummer.

'07 Nat Ambrose entered Amherst this fall. We expect to find him a place on several athletic teams before long.

'08 F. C. Ambrose is in New York University. He hopes to go to Dartmouth later on in his course.

'08 Ledyard Blake finally decided on the University of Wisconsin where he has already gained considerable popularity.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Hamlet, Act I. Scene 1.



Some one remarked that the Rich-Holden bout, was second only to the Gans-Nelson fight last September.

We appreciate very much the support given the basket ball team by the faculty.

The "Filthy Five" of the Commons have been seen around the cottage of late.

Mrs. Houghton, Mr. Hawkins, and Robson assisted in the entertainment given by the Congregational church at South Byfield on Friday, December 4th, giving piano, vocal and mandolin solos respectively.

What has become of the minstrel show?

Where was Blair the night before Thanksgiving?

Judging from the number of rabbits the fellows have killed, they seem to be very plentiful this fall.

Christmas is nearly here, and who is happy?

Ask Robson.

Time. 7.14 a. m. Place. Pierce Cottage and its immediate vicinity.

Silence for one minute and four second. Door of cottage kicked open.

Exit youth on a run reaching for his belt, garments flying, collar and tie hanging out of pocket. Up board walk on third speed struggling with buttons and studs. A clatter of feet,—a noise—an uproar—a tumult—a shout of wild laughter—door slams—biff! bang! biff! He has arrived in time to be late for breakfast.

Everytime!

Hurrah! Blair has delivered himself of a joke.

Mr. Cunningham (speaking to Childs), "You're too flowery. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

How versatile Whitlock is! What a hit he makes with the females of a certain town.

Remember ye of the Commons, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

N. B. Statute 23, Dummer Academy Laws. "No room shall be locked, barred or bolted after ten o'clock, on pain of twenty swats by the husky faculty."

I wonder if Mr. Allen likes domestic life. He ought to make a fine pa.

Ray! How about Gardner hall, Boston?

Ah, Hulbert, you've reached the top of the ladder. Don't get dizzy now or you'll fall.

Bobbie, the international, automatic, double action, smokeless, excuse machine.

Robson????? O drat it! The English language is inadequate to express our thoughts on this subject.

What a surprise, Preston can shoot baskets from the floor almost as well as he can shoot air.

Stillwell, O pickles!

Mr. Hawkins (from above). Mail for me? No, its a female.

Some folks are (Holden) their tongues for fear of a (Rich) man.

If it takes Robie twenty minutes to steal a pan of fudge, how long will it take Mr. Cunningham to put the baby to bed?

Answer:—A rattle must be used.

Wanted:—A first class detective to solve the mystery.

We are grieved to hear that Rich spent a cool evening not long ago.

We notice that Robson and Whitlock are still eating their Thanksgiving dinner.

Say, Blair, is it nice to have some one to love you?

We take great pleasure in welcoming into our midst, our new fellow student, Harry H. Stilwell.

"Let's have a hot dog."

Lost. A one gallon jug of cider, on Thanksgiving night. Finder will please return same to Robson, room 21, The Commons. Reward, if returned in good condition.

H. Holden, the strong man who carried Rich, mattress and bed clothing, from the second to the third floor in the cottage.

Some one said Rich was stuck to his bed the night after the Thanksgiving recess. We wonder why?

Hello, Blair, how would you like to be a sailor?

On Thursday, November 19, Ralph B. Collins was elected captain of the football team of 1909. Collins has played centre for two years, is a good hard player and should make a successful captain.

At the same meeting Henry A. Marr was elected manager of the football team for the season of 1909. Dummer 0. Georgetown 22.

---

### PERSONALS.

E. B. Darling of Troy, N. Y., and Frank Sinclair of Stubenville, Ohio, are at Rensselaer Polytechnic this year.

Earl Jordan is on a ranch in Alberta. It is a far cry from Dummer to the great northwest but we expect Earl to prosper in that new country.

Dana Jewett is at Worcester Academy.

Arthur Mitchell is attending school at Powder Point. He is much missed in Newburyport society.

Sun and Kwan spent the summer at Dummer, hard at work preparing for the Andover entrance examinations which they passed at the opening of the term.



The following clipping from a paper published in Lawrence, Mass. is of interest to the friends of Harry Hilton who was at Dummer last year.

---

### A SECOND ROOSEVELT.

Word has been received from Harry Hilton, formerly of Canobie Lake who left for Wyoming three months ago to take a government position as surveyor, that he recently shot three silver tipped bears. Mr. Hilton was sleeping in a tent on Cunheart Mountain, one of the Rockies when his favorite pony "Doby" whinnied and woke him up. Reaching for his trusty rifle he went out of the tent to investigate and observed in the moonlight, three large bears within a few feet of the tent. He fired, killing the first one instantly, it took two shots to kill the second, and the third dropped from a well directed bullet through the heart. In the morning he discovered he had shot three very valuable and rare animals and was offered \$250 for their skins. He refused the money stating that the skins were going to be sent to his "sweetheart" who is his mother, Mrs. Lila J. Hilton of Canobie Lake where they will adorn the floors of her handsome summer home near the lake. Harry is only 18 years of age, but a fine specimen of manhood, standing six feet tall and weighing 175 pounds. He is a noted shot and has won many prizes for accurate shooting. He attended Andover and Dummer Academy and distinguished himself in football and basket ball contests. He won the Latin prize at Dummer last year and was very popular with his associates.

Genial Jim Sleeper and wife are living in the Grange this winter. This arrangement saves Jim the trip to Rowley after the lights are out and is very convenient in many ways.

---

### THE UNEXPECTED CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

About five o'clock on a certain Christmas eve as the passers by, loaded with bundles hurried along the thoroughfare of one of our largest cities toward the ferry, a well-groomed young man made his way leisurely through this struggling mass of humanity also bound for the ferry. As he did so his glance rested for a moment, on a young lady, who, like himself stood apart from the crowd, although one of them, and he marked her also as one of the better class. He saw her for a moment only, when she was lost to view, but that moment was sufficient to make a vivid impression upon his mind.

In his hurry to get a ticket and to board his train, his thoughts were occupied with other things for the time being, and it was not until the train was well on its way that he noticed her again in the same car only two seats in front of him. She seemed engrossed in the scenery, her chin resting on one dainty gloved hand. He watched her from time to time as he tried to put his mind on his paper, but try as he might his eyes would involuntarily follow her.

When he alighted from the train he did not notice his fair companion alight also and make for the same station wagonet. When he seated himself he bowed to the other occupant of the carriage, not realizing

in the semi-darkness it to be the girl of whom he immediately began to think. He seated himself down in his fur coat and was soon lost in thought. His companion wrapped her fur close about her throat and seemed to enjoy the two mile ride over the snow-covered country road in the fast-gloaming twilight. The air was cold and nipping, you could hear the snow crackle under the horses feet and the driver would every now and then beat his arms and hands on his chest. In the distance could be heard the merry chime of sleigh bells. They passed a house here and there with its barking dogs and brightly lighted windows; all seemed to be full of good cheer at this happy season of the year. But all this happiness and good cheer seemed lost on our passenger in the fur coat, who became aroused only when the lights of a large country place began to twinkle dimly.

He alighted the minute the carriage stopped and a porter took his bag with a pleasant, "Merry Christmas, Mr. Farquar," which Farquar answered with a nod and asked to be shown immediately to his room as it was now about time for dinner. While dressing for dinner he inquired of the valet in waiting after the welfare of the family, as this was the home of his boyhood friend and college chum, Henry Mann.

He remembered that Henry had told him he was to take his sister Stella into supper. He had never met her as she had always traveled for her health, from a child. She was now returning home as the doctors said her health was completely restored. He had also heard it rumored that her engagement to the Duke of Wessex was to be announced on Christmas day. This engagement, it was said, was not acceptable to the

young lady, but grew out of a fond mother's desire for a titled son-in-law. He wondered what she was like and wished she was the girl of his thoughts and that he was going to take her into supper.

He came down just as they were ready to go in. The hostess hurriedly introduced him to his partner as the guests were already moving toward the dining room. He gave just one look at his partner, and what can you imagine his amazement and happiness was at finding her the one lady of all others whom he most desired to take to supper.

During supper Farquar's time was taken up mostly by a prim, old maid, who was very lavish in her attentions toward him, much to his disgust. He was only able to exchange a very commonplace remark with her now and then. But he watched her constantly out of the corner of his eye as she talked to a handsome young army officer, and he thought she was even more beautiful in evening dress, with her clear, white, rounded shoulders and mass of golden, brown hair done in some bewitching fashion. Finally, supper was over and he left the rest of the men to their cigars and wine, as soon as possible, and joined the ladies. He made for the group of which Stella was the center and was just in time to receive a charming smile as the army officer walked off with her on his arm. It was not until later in the evening that he saw her again. It was while he was walking through the hall, after a dance, with his hands behind his back apparently lost in thought that he encountered her standing on the stairs with her pretty, dimpled chin between both hands and her elbows resting on the balustrade.

"Been preparing the layer?"

"Oh! How are you Mr. Farquar, I was sorry I did not get to talk with you more at dinner, as I feel as if I knew you very well from hearing Henry talk about you so much. Here comes that persistent army officer again, and I have the next dance with him, I am so tired of dancing, let us run somewhere."

"Right this way, then we can go into the conservatory this way and you can rest undisturbed."

Needless to say in the conservatory where it is appropriately dark, these two young people, very young and happy, in a remarkably short time learned to know each other as life-long friends. Finally, she nestled close to him, also contented, laying open her whole heart to him. They finally after much assurance and consultation, came to the conclusion that they were the only two people in the world who were exactly cut out for each other and they must admit it to be a case of love at first sight.

He, like a true American, resolved that he would not let all the titled noblemen of Europe, seeking a fortune, stand in the way of his life's happiness. Accordingly they planned to elope on the spot, and she, clinging lovingly to him, listened excitedly to his plans. She must quietly steal up a back way and get ready, while he would get his things and employ the aid of the butler and the stable man in getting her brothers big touring car around to the side door with as little noise as possible.

With a parting embrace she hurried off.

All went well with the happy lovers while the rest waltzed merrily on inside, happy and unsuspecting. About a half hour later, one might have seen a large car being driven at a terrific rate down a lonely country road toward a little village. There were two occupants, a man, driving like mad and a girl with flowing hair, holding desperately to him. For they must arouse the sleeping parson and then catch the midnight express for New York, and they had barely enough time. Finally after a great deal of knocking and impatient waiting, the parson was induced to protrude his head out of an upper window and inquire, in a very sleepy voice, "whats wanted?" As soon as he had grasped the situation he hurried down as fast as he could with heart all a flutter with excitement, for like most parsons he was always ready to lend a helping hand to the needy. At last, the knot was firmly tied and the happy pair with a parting embrace, and with a hearty good-bye to the minister and Farquar had just time enough before the train to send this "Unexpected Christmas Present", to his mother-in-law in the form of a telegram:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Farquar, wish you all a Merry Christmas."

Stella and Henry."

BERYL HOWARD CHILDS.





## FOOTBALL.

Dummer 8. Danvers 22.

On Wednesday, November 4th, Dummer journeyed to Danvers with a very patched up team.

The team, though not in good condition, played well, and but for the great weight and superior endurance of the Danvers team, the score would have been more even.

Caldwell scored a touchdown in the last few seconds of play. Robson kicked the goal. Early in the first half Dummer scored a safety.

Danvers scored but once in the first half and three times in the second half but succeeded in kicking but two goals.

Danvers 12. Dummer 11.

On a wet, dismal day, when the field was ankle deep with mud, Dummer met the strong Danvers team in a return game. Despite the adverse weather conditions, however and still more the heavier weight of Danvers, the Dummer team came near trouncing its opponents. In the first half when Dummer, by startling use of the forward pass and energetic open playing scored two touchdowns, prospects looked dim for Danvers.

Nevertheless, weight and superior endurance told in the end. In each half Danvers was able to push the ball down the field for a touchdown, fortunately for them, moreover, both goals were kicked, making the final score 12-11 in Danvers favor.

Praise is due to Robson for his vehement, efficient plunging, as also to Caldwell, by whose brilliancy and quickness, the various forward passes were made successful. Whitlock, too, showed splendid form in this game.

The line up was as follows:

Danvers.	Dummer Academy
Woodman, l. e.	r. e. Caldwell
Perkins, l. t.	r. t. Hanson
Stone, l. g.	r. g. Arones
Perley, c.	c. Collins
Hart, r. g.	l. g. Jordan
Cronin, r. t.	l. t. Ray
Poore, r. e.	l. e. Holden
Merritt, q. b.	q. b. Rich
Pitman, l. h. b.	r. h. b. Childs
Haynes, r. h. b.	l. h. b. Robson
Learoyd, f. b.	f. b. Whitlock

Score, Danvers H. S., 12; Dummer Academy, 11. Touchdowns, Robson, Whitlock, Haynes, Pitman. Goals from touchdowns Haynes 2, Robson. Referee Gilman, Danvers; Hawkins, D. A. Head linesman Preston. Linesmen Cunningham and Niles. Timers, Carver and Quimby. Time, two 15-minute periods.

Dummer 0. Georgetown 22.

On Saturday, November 14th, Dummer played Georgetown for the second time this season and was defeated 22 to 0.

The team was very much handicapped by the loss of Captain Robson and Hanson.

Caldwell was brought back from end to half back. Mr. Allen, one of our instructors, filled in one of the holes in the line and little "Bobby" Holden was called upon to hold down right end. However, notwithstanding his height and weight, he played a beautiful game. His work excelled that of any of his teammates.

Georgetown outweighed Dummer twenty pounds to a man and with the team patched up as it was, the fellows seemed to lose all interest and did not show the spirit they had shown throughout the season.

Georgetown had very little trouble in scoring four touchdowns, but succeeded in kicking only two of the goals.

Collins, R. Holden and Whitlock played best for Dummer as did Riley and Genley for Georgetown.

Dummer.	Georgetown.
R. Holden, r. e.	r. e. S. Riley
Ray, r. t.	r. t. Robinson
Arones, r. g.	r. g. Kimball
Collins, c.	c. Fairbanks
Allen, l. g.	l. g. Hazen
Jordan, l. t.	l. t. Hazen
H. Holden, l. e.	l. e. Hould
Rich, q. b.	q. b. Genley (c.)
Childs (c.) r. h. b.	r. h. b. Gainer
Caldwell, l. h. b.	l. h. b. Powers
Whitlock, f. b.	f. b. W. Riley
Touchdowns, Gainer, Riley, Genley and Powers. Goals from touchdowns, W. Riley, Genley. Referee, Robson, D. A. Umpire,——; Timers, Carver, D. A., Bailey, Georgetown. Linesmen Mr. Houghton, D. A., Mr. Hawkins, D. A. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.	

FOOTBALL.

SUMMARY.

First scores are Dummer's.	
Dummer vs. Haverhill High, .....	0-32
Dummer vs. Georgetown .....	6-5
Dummer vs. Newburyport High ....	0-23
Dummer vs. Danvers High .....	8-22
Dummer vs. Danvers High .....	11-12
Dummer vs. Georgetown .....	0-22
Total points, Dummer 25, opponents 116.	

LINE-UP.

	Position	Weight	Height	Age	Games
Caldwell,	r. e.,	145	5.11	17	6
Hanson,	r. f.,	130	5.5	17	5
Ames,	r. f.,	155	5.9	19	5
Collins,	c.,	165	5.11	18	5
Jordan,	l. g.,	130	5.7	16	4
L. Rogers,	l. g.,	210	6.00	18	1
Ray,	l. t.,	140	5.8	20	6
H. Holden,	l. e.,	140	5.7	16	4
Carver,	l. e.,	150	5.9	18	1
Rich,	q. b.,	135	5.6	19	6
Childs,	r. h.,	165	5.10	18	6
Gifford,	r. h.,	140	5.7	18	2
Whitlock,	f. b.,	150	5.10	18	6
Robson	l. h. b.,	175	5.11	17	5
R. Holden	r. e.,	95	5.00	14	1
Average,		148	5.9	17	—

WEARERS OF THE "D".

Besides Captain Robson, Caldwell, Carver, and Collins of last year's team; the following have been awarded football "D's" by the athletic association, Arones, Childs, H. Holden, Hanson, Jordan, Ray, Rich and Whitlock.

L. Rogers, R. Holden and W. Gifford have been awarded "A. D. A."

LOSS BY GRADUATION.

The team will lose the services of Captain Robson, Caldwell, Carver, Childs, Ray, L. Rogers, Whitlock by graduation in June. Although their loss will be a severe blow to the prospects of a winning team next fall, we all most heartily wish Captain Collins success and a winning team for the season of 1909.

FOOTBALL REVIEW.

BY COACH HAWKINS.

Football is a game of brawn and psychology. Nature and hard work makes the brawn and experience sets the mind at rest as to fitness. This fall Dummer lacked weight and with the exception of three men also lacked experience. We have played with a green team.

Our first misfortune was the loss of William Gifford, who in the little while that he was with us, had shown speed and spirit. The next misfortune was the injury to Carver in the first game and before he had time to be in football trim, and also the inability of Rogers to play. With these men in the game we would have had a different season for we were obliged to take weight from the line in order to fill in behind.

Captain Robson worked hard both in practise and in games. He has weight and experience and with development of speed will make a good football player. He is a good plunger, keeps his interference compact

and uses his head. In skirt runs he has a tendency to hesitate which seems to be hard for him to overcome. However, work with speedy teams will possibly correct this fault. With better physical condition, which should come with age and training, Robson should make good college material and if he can gain speed will be able to retain his position as halfback.

Caldwell has speed and experience. He plays a clean game at end particularly in defensive work being quick to locate and a good tackler. If he can gain weight with proper training he may make good in future football work, although possibly it may be better if he spends his time in track or other athletic work.

Collins at center is at home. He is a good passer—holds his line and plays his game. Harder work would improve him.

With Gifford leaving it became necessary to place Childs behind the line, taking him from his position as tackle where he belongs. Childs shows good sportsmanship and does not seem to be afraid to sacrifice personal pleasure for his team. He did his best as halfback and the experience will do him good. It will be advisable for him to show up in football togs next year and although it will take time to make a college football player—yet he has the spirit and grit which gives a coach something to build on.

Whitlock was green, yet worked well. He hits the line with his weight and made good gains. He is cool and will develop. His especial weakness is on defensive work. Whitlock seems to take care of himself and if he likes the game it may pay him to keep at it in the future. His position is behind the line.

A good quarter needs to be a whole team in himself. We were unfortunate in not having a fit candidate for this position. Rich worked hard for his team and helped fill in a bad hole. He did his best which was all that we can expect.

Ray had a hard season and heavier men to play. As weight counts in his position as tackle he was overshadowed.

Holden filled in at end for the last four games. He has good form but did not work enough to gain endurance. He also had hard propositions in opponents.

Arones at guard has strength and had no trouble with any of his men. Yet there is a nice game to be played at guard and he has his position to learn. With proper work he could hold his own against any comers.

Hanson considering size and weight played a good game and with Jordan helped us to play our schedule.

#### BASKETBALL.

Captain Caldwell has issued a call for candidates and the following have reported:—Caldwell, Carver, Childs, Hanson, H. Holden, Jordan, Preston, Marr, Ray, Rich, Robson, Stilwell and Whitlock.

There are three men left from last year's team; Caldwell, centre, Carver, a forward, and Robson, a guard. There is plenty of good material and if the fellows will only come out and work, there is no reason why Dummer should not have a very fast team.

Manager Childs is arranging a very attractive schedule, which will include about twenty-five games.





The Boston Latin School "Register", is a very interesting paper. We have enjoyed reading it and trust it will continue to appear regularly.

The Minute Man is a very good paper, but we believe more short stories would greatly increase one's interest in it.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, is an excellent paper and is always welcome.

The Maine Campus is one of our best exchanges.

The short sketch entitled "Before and After His First Game", in The Tattler is very good.

The Messenger, Westbrook Seminary, is a very neat and charming paper. More short stories would greatly improve it, however.

The School Life, Melrose High, contains a striking story entitled "Connected by Marriage." Judging from their number of advertisements they have a very energetic business manager.

The Milton "Orange and Blue", is keeping its good reputation.

"The Garnet and White" is excellent, we are very much pleased to receive such exchanges.

The Crimson Tattler, Allen School, is very good. The sketch on Wireless Telegraphy is excellent.

The Academy Graduate, is very interesting and we are very anxious to see the December number.

We are greatly pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the Wesleyan Argus. It is one of the most interesting magazines we have received.





On Saturday, November 21st, we gave a very informal dance in the gymnasium.

The gymnasium was very artistically decorated and a program of seventeen dances finished, refreshments being served in the Commons. A special car conveyed the guests to Newburyport after the dance.

Among those present were Mrs. Ingham; Misses E. Dexter, D. Dexter, Gould, Lovett, M. Rogers, Perry, Langdon, Rogers, Kimball, Ingalls, Fernald of Newburyport and Misses Tenney, M. Caldwell, A. Caldwell and Pierson of Byfield. Messrs. Blair, Allen, Cunningham, Hawkins, Houghton, Childs, Carver, Caldwell, H. Holden, R. Holden, Ray, Rich, Robson, Marr, Whitlock, Preston, Dr. C. S. Ingham and Mr. Gardiner of Boston.

Dance Committee:—William P. Preston, Charles S. Robson.

Committee on Decorations:—H. P. Holden, H. A. Marr.

Matrons:—Mrs. C. S. Ingham and Mrs. H. F. Houghton.

We appreciate very much the enjoyable evening given us by the many young ladies of Newburyport, on Saturday, November 7th, at the Parker River House.

A most pleasant evening was spent in dancing, after which refreshments were served. The party was then conveyed back to Dummer on a large hay rack.

Those present from the school were Mrs. Charles S. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey F. Houghton, Messrs. Allen, Blair, Cunningham, Caldwell, H. Holden, R. Holden, Marr, Preston, Rich, Robson and Whitlock.

**A. W. THOMPSON**  
**Eating and Oyster House**

No. 7 Middle Street  
Newburyport

**S. E. KIMBALL**

Dealer in First Class

**Family Groceries**

Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

80 State St., Cor. Prospect, Newburyport



# Dummer Academy

**South Byfield, Massachusetts**

**Founded in 1763**

*A High Grade Preparatory School for Boys*

*Excellent Equipment*

*Strong Academic Department*

*Experienced Instructors*



Attention to individual requirements enables us to prepare boys for college who  
have not done satisfactory work in public schools.

**For Catalogue and Information, address  
HEAD MASTER.**



# The Ocean... National Bank

F. F. MORRILL,  
President

F. O. WOODS,  
Cashier

Capital, \$150,000  
Surplus and Profits,  
\$85,000

Newburyport, Mass.

Telephone 13

## B. W. BARRETT Jeweler and Optician

26 State Street,  
Newburyport

## S. H. THURLOW & CO.

Hardware and Cutlery  
Lowe Bros. Paints

35 Market Square

## *The Wolfe Tavern*

DANIEL H. FOWLE & SON,  
*Proprietors*

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

## GEO. W. AUSTIN

### *Choice Candy*

Chocolates, 15, 20, 24, 28, 30,  
40 and 60c. 1b.

Pure Sugar, 12c. 1b.



NEWBURYPORT

## HILL'S Livery & Boarding Stable

1 Harris Street, Newburyport

Telephone Connection      Open All Night

## OVERCOATS

We have the natty Top Coats, the luxurious Long Coats, the comfortable Storm Coats, Etc., to fill your fondest desires in our Overcoats, at a price you will pay without a murmur, and we are at your service.

## PORTER, ROGERS & CO.

CLOTHIERS

33 PLEASANT STREET, - - NEWBURYPORT

## D. F. NOYES

Stoves, Furnaces, Kitchen Fur-

nishings, Ranges and

Hardware



24 Pleasant St., - Newburyport

Telephone Connection

# MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY

Call the attention of students to  
their showing of

## SUITS and OVERCOATS

all made in their workshops on  
the premises. The garments are  
right in fabrics, style and fit and  
ready for immediate use. Clothes  
made to special measure. A fine  
line of furnishing goods. . . .

Boys' and Youths' Dept.

400 WASHINGTON ST.,  
BOSTON, MASS.

# Fowles

Confectioner, Stationer  
and Newsdealer



STATE STREET,  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

# See Us!

Before Buying Your

Xmas Slippers

# Babb's

Shoe Emporium

15 Pleasant St., - NEWBURYPORT

# Biddle Baking Co.

Fine Candy and Best Bread and  
Pastry, also Ice Cream made  
under our own roof.

35 PLEASANT STREET  
NEWBURYPORT

BUY YOUR

# Sporting Goods

OF

# JAQUES

THE

# Hardware Man

65 & 67 State Street,  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

---

Percival K. Sanders

*Stationery, Engraving and  
Art Novelty Goods*



44 State Street, Newburyport

---

BUY

---

THE  
ARCHON

---

NOW ON SALE  
AT

FOWLES

NEWBURYPORT

---

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTISERS




---

EATON'S PHARMACY

*Drugs  
and Medicines*

*Photo Supplies*



1 State Street, Newburyport

---

WALLACE ADAMS

FIRST CLASS

Hair Dressing Parlors

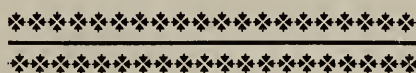
Electric Massage and Shampooing  
Ladies' and Children's  
Department

4 1-2 State Street  
Newburyport

---




*Advertise in the  
Archon--It Pays*





**Lamson & Hubbard**

*Manufacturers and  
Retailers of*

**H** <sup>and</sup> **Headwear**  
**A**   
**T** **of Every**  
**S** **Description**

---



**92 Bedford and  
173 Washington Streets  
Boston, Mass.**

1800

1800

1800

1800

1800

1800

1800

